

*I am black, living in South Central, surrounded by violence, drugs, young black thugs and poor single mothers.*

*This is unstoppable.*

*I am constantly harassed by cops. I am constantly harassed by men who are 40 years old trying to get into my 13 year old pants.*

*This is unstoppable.*

*I walk home every day because we can't afford a car. No food in the fridge. Do you know what it feels like to starve?*

*It's unstoppable.*

*I'm tired of the struggle. I'm tired of the pain. I mean, why not hustle and join a gang? That's what I am. That's what the statistics say I should be.*

*This is me. Three years in jail. No one cares. No one who fully understands. They say it's a help. But I must have missed that helping hand. Because I am here in a cell with four white walls thinking this is the end. Can this be unstoppable?*

*I'm released back into the same society, back into the struggle. How do you expect me to change? New Earth? A new way of life? Sounds good. But my life is unstoppable, remember?*

*They don't understand. They can't offer a helping hand.*

*See, I've been stuck in a society that has made me small minded. All I know is the streets. But I swear all that changed when I met HG. He reminded me that I am unstoppable. He reminded me that I have a voice. He reminded me that my life matters. I am the soil to the tree. We are the branches that sustain the apple.*

*We are unstoppable.*

*I went from the streets to the books. From surrounded by gangs and violence to positivity.*

*I'm a mother. I am a college student. I am a soon-to-be businesswoman and a leader. And if you think for one second that my skin color is worthless. If you think for one second that I will fall back into my society. I will tell you this:*

*My name is not black. My name is not gang. My name is not violence. My name is not struggle. My name is not poor. My name is not delinquent. My name is not hoodlum. My name is not hate. My name is not criminal.*

*Because my name is unstoppable.*